

I, who ought to know better,  
bought cheap imitations. From  
Hong Kong or Taiwan or some  
other infernal Eastern country.

They looked the same as the real  
thing. White, with 3 blue diagonal  
strips on the sides. But after only  
two or three weeks the plastic  
split and the things began  
disintegrating right on my feet.

Sheepishly, I returned them.  
Admitted to the blonde bored  
salesman that I had been a fool.  
Shelled out \$24 for the genuine article.

Supple! Pliant! Of soft white leather  
flawless as a calf's underbelly. In  
gold, stamped on the sides: ADIDAS/  
ROM.

Now I am fleet-footed, as befits  
a young poet. Ready to run with the Muse.

#### THE FASTEST BICYCLE IN THE WORLD

The fastest bicycle in the world was built in Australia  
by an eleven year old boy. Experimental parts were  
hung on an old J.C. Higgins frame and the whole thing  
given a quick black paintjob. Speed decals aided the  
effort. A dangerous take-off ramp was constructed among  
bemused dingos. Present whereabouts of boy and machine  
are unknown. They say he rode into history.

#### LIFE IMITATES A NOVEL

This particular Sunday afternoon,  
for my own personal amusement it seems,  
Life imitates a novel.

Let's hope it's a good one. Of the French or  
English schools. Full of bad weather and wide open  
landscape. Emotional arrows from the quiver  
of a displaced Russian.

As I've told you time and time again  
the rain arrives (from heaven?) in melancholic sheets  
bundling you up in old gray army blankets of downpour.  
One sad day blends, puddles into the others  
forming whole winters of wet impression  
to sog and bog down the mind.

Go then for a long, pointless drive. Roadside junk,  
bare old houses needing paint. Hound dogs  
slinking off in the rain. The half green half gray trees  
insulted by Spring's quick disappearance  
make sad comment in remote countries.

Back to town, butt numb, for groceries. Purple  
squids of clouds spilling their torpid ink in the sky  
above a parking lot of rain dropped automobiles.

And for a false Spring, benign flamingos  
from Fred Meyers' gardening department  
standing on one rigid steel leg, the other tucked up  
under, among 98¢ tubs of moss, eternally drowsy,  
puffed pink might grace your garden.

#### THIS LADY

This lady is rich  
and also reads poetry  
quite a find!

Beautiful too, and hot stuff  
in nice clothes.

She gives me a lift  
after the reading  
to her father's mansion

and lets me drive  
my choice of  
27 pristine classic cars.

A good way  
to begin a friendship.